

or mistress) with a rain of kicks or caresses as required; and his vengeance on a certain locksmith, whose bad work was repaid with a dramatic interlude composed and recited for his benefit, and depicting his death-bed or horror-stricken remorse, his funeral, and his consignment by a legion of devils to the Bottomless Pit. But there are other less-known anecdotes from the same source, too characteristic, I think, to be forgotten. The inborn oddity, the rebelliousness, the eldritch humour, the Gothic grotesqueness, the love of Elizabethan poetry, the strange mastery of words—all these qualities of the poet we know, are already foreshadowed here at Charterhouse. Already he dominated his fellows. The nicknames he invented stuck like burs. His defiance, too, of authority had already begun. When the traditional liberty to play hockey in the cloisters was abolished, young Beddoes, who normally never played at all, appeared to lead one side in the now forbidden game, his head bedizened with feathers and his body adorned by a pasteboard shield where shone emblazoned a clenched fist, with the motto: *Manus haec inimica tyrannis*. This demonstration proved too much for the gravity of the authorities and the prohibition was dissolved in laughter. But if Beddoes could uphold the oppressed, he could also do his share of oppres-

sion. Readers of *The Newcomes* will recall how the old pensioners at Charterhouse were called 'Codd', and Colonel Newcome himself, 'Codd Colonel'. Three of these old brethren the young Beddoes particularly loved to torment—'Codd Curio', whom he called so because he collected curiosities; 'Codd Frolicsome', a Trafalgar veteran who had St. Vitus's dance; and 'Codd Sine-breech', who was slightly crazed in the head. These old gentlemen, who were attended by the most Gampish of nurses, suffered such persecutions from their enemy that Codd